

The most lamentable Tragedie

She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend faire Queene, Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

Marcus. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.

Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our bretheren.

Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe:
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified:
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.

Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Titus. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes:

He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

Titus.

of Titus Andronicus

Titus. What would you bury

Marcus. No noble *Titus* but in
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury

Titus. *Marcus*, Euen thou ha
And with these boyes mine hono
My foes I doe repute you euery o
So trouble me no more, but get ye

3. *Sonne.* He is not with himself

e *Sonne.* Not I till *Mutius* bor

The brother and the son

Marcus. Brother, for in that n

2. *Sonne.* Father, and in that nat

Titus. Speake thou no more if

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more

Lucius. Deare Father, soule and

Marc. Suffer thy brother *Ma*

His noble nephew heere in vertue

That died in honour and *Launius*

Thou art a Romaine be not barba

The Greekes vpon aduise did bury

That slew himselfe: and wife *Lae*

Did graciously plead for his Fune

Let not young *Mutius* then that w

Beard his entrance heere.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismalst day is this that ere I

To be dishonored by my sonnes in

Well bury him, and bury me the n

They put him in the

Lucius. There lie thy bones sweet

Till we with Trophees do adorne

They all kneele and sa

No man shed teares for noble *Mu*

He liues in fame that did in vertue